

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XII. No. 24

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH 12, 1922

Snaily.

A COLONEL PEPPERPOD STORY.

BY GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM.

"WHAT luck!"

"Our last chance this season to trim the Eagles, win that five dollars Colonel Pepperpod has up—and here we are short a man!"

"The limit!"

"Could anything be worse?"

"What shall we do?"

That and a great deal more reached Fred Starr, lounging in the shade of the high-board fence which encircled the lot where the Cougars and Eagles were to have their baseball match that afternoon, as a group of excited and worried Cougars standing near gave vent to their troubled feelings. Nibsy's unavoidable absence had caused it all.

To throw up the match and wait until next season for their game with the Eagles, the second best nine in town—the Twilliger Hill team held the championship—or do an impossible thing: discover some one in the short time they had who could take Nibsy's place was the problem that now confronted the Cougars.

"A fine chance we have of replacing Nibsy and he our star pinch-hitter!" fretted a player.

"Oh, that's out of the question! If we find some one who knows how to hold the bat, we'll be lucky!" another threw back.

Fred settled his heavy body farther into the shade and coldly eyed the worried players. Why should he feel sorry for them? They had treated him shabbily, these boys of his own school, these Cougars! From his first day in the neighborhood they had poked fun at him, had saddled him with a hateful nickname, and had shut him from their games—because he was slow. Fred bitterly told himself that he couldn't help having a large thick body, and a drawly manner of speech!

"They might have given me a chance!" he complained. "Just a chance!"

Barring him from their sports had hurt Fred more than anything that had ever happened to him! He had thought about it until his head ached.

The Cougars drew close together again in whispered consultation. A few of them turned and looked at Fred.

"Maybe we could get him," suggested Chuck Manning. "He used to play with the Payton School nine when he lived in that part of town."

"Huh! Not Snaily!" scoffed a Cougar. "Why, man, you'd have to have a magnifying glass to see him move!"

"He wouldn't do!" emphatically declared several, with disapproval eyeing Fred.

"What shall we do then? Give up this chance to beat the Eagles and win five dollars?" impatiently demanded Chuck. "Shall we be—quitters?"

That settled the question. Instantly Shorty Brown left the rest and marched over to where Fred sprawled in the shade.

"We're short a man," said he at once. "Will you help us out?"

For just a second Fred did not reply, his heart pounded so against his ribs. Then he got up—slowly, as usual—and began warming up with the others.

The Eagles in their fine red-and-white suits presently appeared on the field. Colonel Pepperpod, Trix, Jimmy, and Scraps, with Chappy the Airedale terrier close at their heels made their way across

the diamond and found seats on an old pile of lumber directly back of the catcher. Trix, who had been chosen as umpire, at once left the others to take his place and the game commenced. Fans from all directions quickly gathered on the field and deposited themselves along the high-board fence, eager to see a game which they considered would be worth seeing. The Eagles had a great team; but the Cougars had been making a fine record for themselves, they had several very clever players. Nibsy especially—but where was he? Eyes started to rove and search over the field; then inquiries were excitedly hurled at the umpire and players.

Trix explained that something at home had prevented Nibsy's playing that day; Fred Starr would take his place.

"Snaily! Snaily!" they howled, "Snaily to take Nibsy's place—well, that's a good one!"

They talked so loud and jeered so that Colonel Pepperpod called out sharply to them; but only when Chuck Manning stepped up to bat did they fully quiet down.

"Strike one!" shouted Trix, as Snub Clayton put the ball squarely over the plate.

"Strike two!"

"Strike three!"

Chuck flung down the bat disgustedly. Snub was surely a clever pitcher, he had put across an out-curve that the batter couldn't touch.

Then came Fred. All the fans craned their necks and started whispering. In short order Snub had fanned Fred out, and the Cougars set up a low grumbling among themselves.

"What'd I tell you!" Bobby Trent irritably complained to a Cougar. "That kid was about five minutes behind each ball! He can't play! The game's lost right now! We'd have done better to throw up the thing!"

Bobby seemed to have forgotten that Chuck too was unable to get a strike; he was centering his entire grievance on Fred. The other player moved away. He felt too blue to want to listen. They needed badly to win; not only for the glory but for the Colonel's prize which would go a long way toward funds for new suits. The Cougars were shabby; their suits had seen two seasons' service, and many were patched, worn, and outgrown. They never would last another year; no team would play them in such outfits!

The first, second, and third inning closed with the score reading 0 to 0. That was not so discouraging; but the fourth brought one for the Eagles that set the onlookers to flinging their caps



How They Grow.

BY E. KENLY BACON.

OH, I wonder if you know
Where these gold bananas grow!
And just look, from where I stand
I can reach them with my hand!
I used to think that they hung down;
There was a fruit store in our town
Where dangling bunches seemed to say,
"Bananas hang their heads *this* way."
But here they are upon the tree,
And they grow *up*, like you and me.

into the air and whistling shrilly. In the fifth, Chuck put over a three-bagger letting in a man,—and then came the eighth. It looked as if the score would remain 1 to 1. Tied—no winner; no one to receive the prize!

"Oh, what's the use!" growled Bobby, as Fred took his place at the bat. "We haven't a chance, now!"

Fred turned his head slowly and looked at him.

"You give up awfully easy, don't you?" drawled he.

Bobby glared.

"And who wouldn't with you in the game?" came his sarcastic retort.

The pitcher's arm twirled, one foot lifted from the pitching mound, and over the ball came. Too low. Snaily let it by.

"Strike one!"

"Strike two!" Snub sent over a nice in-curve which Fred made no attempt to reach. But the third he stepped out for, caught squarely and shot it far into left field, where the player fumbled it. Yells and shouts burst from the excited fans. Fred had left the base and, putting every ounce of strength he had into it, made second, third—

"Hold it! Hold it!" wildly advised a Cougar. But Fred with white lips and gritted teeth threw a swift glance over his shoulder, halted, dashed on, and flopped full length, fingers just touching the plate a fraction of a second before the ball thudded into the catcher's glove!

"Safe!" howled Trix.

The crowd stared and gasped. A few cheered.

"Why that was Snaily! How did he do it?" they asked each other. "Snaily—and a home-run! Wow! He's a regular Babe Ruth!"

No one seemed able to believe it. The Cougars looked puzzled—and not a little ashamed.

At that moment, Colonel Pepperpod felt a small hand on his shoulder as a little girl squeezed her small self into the space between him and Chappy.

"Why, there's Fred!" she exclaimed, catching sight of her brother. "Mother has been looking all over for him. Why, he's playing and he's been sick all week!"

The little Colonel turned quickly and looked down at her.

"Been sick, you say?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, nothing serious," replied Betty. "Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it. Mother thought it was just worry. You see, sir," she went on as Colonel Pepperpod did not appear to understand, "the boys wouldn't let him in their games. They said he was too fat and slow!"

"Well, they're not likely to say that again," assured the Colonel, patting Betty's hand. "Not likely to again."

Strive as they would, the ninth inning brought no gain for the Eagles. The score closed reading, Cougars 2, Eagles 1. The players and fans began leaving the field. Scraps slipped from the lumber pile and joined Trix. Together they went to Fred, and Colonel Pepperpod saw the three talking very earnestly about something. Directly, they separated; Fred called to his sister and they cut across the diamond for home. The Colonel, after placing the prize in the hands of the Cougars, swung off in the opposite direction with Trix, Jimmy, and Scraps.

Little Betty skipping along at her brother's side suddenly looked up at him, and her eyes widened.

"My, but you do look happy, Freddy," cried she, softly. "What has happened?"

Fred threw an arm about her shoulders and drew her close to him.

"This," he said slowly, and Betty wondered when she had ever heard his voice sound so glad, "they'll stop calling me Snaily, for one thing. But here's the best: Trix and Scraps signed me to play with the Twilliger nine—just think, the best team in town! No more keeping me out of their sports—I'm in for good now! Isn't it great, sister?" he ended joyously. "Isn't it perfectly great?"

Heart-of-a-Poet and the Little Stunted Tree.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

AS Heart-of-a-Poet was going through the woods he met a little stunted tree. It was holding up its head so cheerfully, although it looked like it had been having a lot of hard luck, that right away Heart-of-a-Poet wanted to know all about it.

"O Little Stunted Tree," he said, "won't you tell me your story?"

"Of course I will tell you if you want to hear it," Little Stunted Tree answered politely, "but it isn't much of a story."

"That's all right," Heart-of-a-Poet said; "go ahead and tell me. I want to hear."

So Little Stunted Tree began:—

"When I first came up out of the ground I was very slim and straight, and I said: 'I will grow and grow and become a great big tree. Then all the little birds can come and nest in my strong branches and all the cattle can lie down in my pleasant shade.' I hunted all day and all night for food and put out new leaves so fast that pretty soon I had one of the greenest, tenderest tops in all the woods. But one day, while I was laughing and thinking about the big tree I was going to be, a little kid came bleating into the woods. It had gotten lost from its mother and it was nearly starved because all the big trees were out of its reach and it could get nothing to eat. When the kid came to me it found I was just the right size to feed it, and it said, 'O Little Tree, won't you let me have some of your nice green leaves to eat so that I may keep on living till my mother comes to find me?' Of course I said 'Yes.' I was glad to help a poor little hungry thing like that. The kid stood beside me and ate and ate till I did not have a single leaf left, but when it lay down in the sun, all warm, and happy to wait for its mother, I could not feel bad about my leaves being gone, and I said, 'I must get to work and grow some more leaves.'

"And I did grow some more leaves. They were not so green as the ones the kid had eaten, because biting the top off of it made my stem divide up into branches, and you know, Heart-of-a-Poet, that it takes a great deal more food to feed a bunch of branches than it does to feed a single straight stem. But the sun and rain helped me all they could, so pretty soon I had a strong trunk even if my top was rather bushy. The big tree began to nod and say to me, 'You are com-

ing on nicely.' But one day, just as a big oak was saying, 'You are getting to be quite a tree,' a lame cow came limping along. She was so poor you could see her bones sticking up under her skin, but she dragged herself to me and said, 'O Little Tree, won't you let me have some of your nice juicy branches to eat and make me strong enough to get home to the farmer who will feed me?' The big oak called out to me and said: 'Don't let her do it. If she bites off your top you will never grow tall.' But the poor cow was so hungry and weak she could hardly stand. I could not let her lie down and die just because I wanted to grow tall, so I said, 'Eat all you want to, poor cow.'

"She ate and ate till all my branches were gone. But it made me feel good to see her walk away as if she felt strong enough to go home, and I said to myself, 'I must just get busy and grow a lot more branches.' I felt so happy that I worked harder than I had ever done and found so much more food that my sap rose faster and faster until my bitten-off trunk threw up a strong, straight shoot. It was just the prettiest thing you ever saw, Heart-of-a-Poet, round, green, and bursting with life. It would have made you feel glad to see the way it grew and swayed in the wind. Up and up it went. Nothing could reach it to bite it now. I was going to be a great tree. Then a boy I loved came whistling into the woods. I had often seen him there, breaking up the fallen branches and carrying them home to make a fire for his mother. No matter how heavy the load was, he always went away with it, whistling. He was such a fine, merry boy, with freckles on his face and warts on his hands. It always made me feel good just to see him come into the woods. That day he came right to me and took hold of my strong, straight shoot and began to whip it in the air. 'Gee, Little Tree,' he said, 'this would make the bulliest fishing-pole any fellow ever had. Won't you let me have it?' I let him have my beautiful shoot, Heart-of-a-Poet, I had to let him have it, because, you see, I loved him. I thought at first that maybe I could grow another shoot, and I tried and tried, but I know now that I can never be a big tree, I can never be of any use in the world, I can never give shade or shelter to any living things."

Heart-of-a-Poet came close and laid his hand gently on the brave little stunted head.

"No," he said, "you will never be able to give very much shade or shelter, but there are greater gifts than these to be given to all living things, and even the littliest child can give these great gifts."

The Little Stunted Tree asked eagerly, "Could I give these gifts, Heart-of-a-Poet?"

"Why, yes," Heart-of-a-Poet said. "The greatest of all gifts are Love and Sympathy, and you have been giving these gifts all your life. No matter how hungry people may be or how happy they may be, it always helps them to receive the Great Gifts. Listen, O Little Stunted Tree, because you have given Love and Sympathy to all living things, you have become the noblest tree in the Forest."

"Some praised my scarlet-berried Bittersweet;

Some only asked me, 'Is it Good to Eat?'"

The House in a Hammock.

BY RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD.

MOTHER and Father had gone to Europe for a year, so Carl and Carol were passed around from uncle to cousin and aunt to grandmother all summer and fall. When winter came, there came also a letter from Uncle Larry down in Florida.

"Send that boy and girl down to me. Let them winter in Florida. I'll promise enough good times to make up for no sleds or skates. Send them along, and we'll take them off the train."

Carl and Carol were getting so used to moving around, that going to Florida was just another lark, and perhaps the best lark of all. So Grandmother packed their trunk, and Grandfather bought their tickets, and Aunt Edith told them how to behave on the train.

But the day before they started, along came two very thin little letters for Carl and Carol, both postmarked Florida.

"Oh, do you suppose we can't go?" Carol gasped.

"And after the way I stood on that trunk to get it shut!" mourned Carl.

But here was Carol's letter: "Dear nice niece,—Did they tell you I live in a hammock?"

And here was Carl's: "Dear nifty nephew,—You're going to live in the hammock, too, but it doesn't swing!"

"Oh, dear me!" said Carl.

"Oh, dear me!" said Carol.

Then they both said together, "Whatever does he mean?"

But Grandmother only smiled, and Grandfather whistled. "Nobody ever knows what your Uncle Larry means," he chuckled.

"That's why your Uncle Larry is fun," twinkled Grandmother.

If Carl and Carol hadn't been so sleepy, they might have lain awake all night to wonder. Instead of that, they tumbled off to sleep, and slept till nine o'clock in the morning, when the kitchen clock struck loudly.

Carol sat up in bed and looked ashamed; Carl sat up, too, and rubbed his eyes, as though it was they and not his ears he couldn't believe. "Did that strike nine?"

Carol giggled. "Yes; what did you dream last night?"

For a moment, Carl studied the ceiling. Carol always made him tell first, because if he didn't, he forgot and had to make one up; and everybody knows that made-up dreams aren't half as funny as real ones.

"Oh, yes," Carl remembered after a while, "I dreamed I was sleeping in a hammock, and it didn't swing. The whole house swung instead; and I had to hold on to the chimney to keep from being tumbled out. Your turn." And Carl yawned again.

"Oh, I dreamed that I was trying to cook on a stove in the hammock. But my hammock did swing, and I couldn't make out how the water stayed in the tea-kettle, and the soup in the pan, when the stove got to swinging hard. But they did."

"Only two hours to train time," boomed Grandfather's voice from downstairs. "Hustle!"

Carl and Carol were good hustlers anyway, but they hustled better than ever

Teddy.

BY HELENE H. BOLL.



coming from afar his eyes grow bigger and bigger so that when she is about six feet away they look like two saucers.

The lady looks at Teddy and says, "Well, old boy, how are you to-day?" And Teddy bows his head, which means as much as "Very well, thank you." Then the lady bows, and Teddy scrapes with his foot, which means "Have you brought me anything?" Lemon drops are his favorite, and the lady always has some on hand.

She takes some out of her bag, and Teddy looks at the parcel. Then the driver of the cab comes up, for he too looks for a lemon drop.

When Teddy has eaten his with great relish he looks for a piece of soft candy, which the lady pretends to eat herself, but Teddy stretches his neck until his mouth touches the lady's hand, and she gives him the candy.

Then Teddy scrapes his foot three times, which means "I thank you," bows his head for good-bye and is contented.

Are you, my little reader, as polite and grateful as Teddy, the cab-horse on Huntington Avenue Bridge, Boston, is?

this time. They simply must not lose the train.

So they hustled downstairs, and hustled through breakfast, and hustled on their coats, and hustled off to the station. After that, the train did the hustling, and all they needed to do was to sit still and stare out the window and behave as Aunt Edith had told them.

When night came and the porter made up their berths, he hung up a little net hammock over each one. Carl and Carol laughed again.

"Do we sleep in those?" Carol giggled.

"You put your clothes in them, Aunt Edith said. Say, do you guess Uncle Larry's hammock is bigger than these?"

All night and all the next day they rode, but about noon, they began to see palms sticking up through the swamps, and the train ran over jungly places that looked as though perhaps some alligators lived there.

Late in the afternoon, Uncle Larry dashed aboard the train and carried them off to where his auto waited by the platform.

"Do you keep the auto in the hammock, too?" demanded Carol.

"Or do you have a hammock garage?" Carl suggested.

Uncle Larry began to laugh, and he never stopped laughing, off and on, all the way home. "The garage is in the same hammock with us!" he said.

It is not a fine boy with golden curls, this Teddy, but a common cab-horse. He stands on Huntington Avenue Bridge and is the pet of the passers-by. He is particularly fond of one lady, and he looks for her whenever he is on his stand. When he sees her

The car bounced out of the sand and up a pine-needle path into a sort of jungle. All around were big trees with palms smothered close around their roots and curly gray moss hanging heavily from their branches.

"They look like old men with beards," Carl cried.

"Or a thousand ladies with a thousand gray veils hanging down behind them," Carol added.

But the auto bounced on and around more curves till it stopped in a glare of light.

"Oh, there's a house!"

"With regular lamps. Uncle Larry, don't lamps spill over in a hammock?"

The little car sputtered and stopped. Uncle Larry climbed out, with a very grand gesture. "Welcome to the hammock!"

"But there isn't any hammock!"

"In sight," Carol added more politely.

"It's in sight," Uncle Larry insisted.

"The truth is, you are in it right now."

Carl looked at Carol and Carol looked at Carl. "This beats our dream," they laughed.

"A hammock, down South," said Uncle Larry, "means a jungly place like our front yard—with the bearded men and the gray-veiled ladies and palms underfoot. I told you our hammock wouldn't swing!"

Happiness.

BY E. S. MILDRAH.

HAPPINESS is the joy of living and the sharing of that joy with others. It is our richest heritage. Let us use it well and pass it on.

You can be happy by yourselves. Many times I have been aboard a sailing-boat a long way off shore, alone, and I was very happy. Why was I happy? We might look at it this way: was I alone?

Take one of those days afloat when the wind comes cool and sweet from out of the northwest, driving the great white clouds before it. The clean sea-water flies over the bows and runs down the decks. The sun, whose heat-giving even the northwest wind and mighty ocean cannot discourage, soon dries the decks. I am alone amid the greatest visible forces of the world. I am not afraid, but am happy,—happy because I realize myself a part of these forces. I am a part of all this wonderful day. The very winds, clouds, ocean, and sun are all a part in me, and I a part in them. That is one great truth for you always to remember. You are a part of nature. Your mothers, fathers, and your friends are, too, a part of nature, and we are all bound in the one great unity.

As I sailed in towards the land, the first thing I saw was a lighthouse, built by the thoughts and energies of man to guide great ships coming from far-away ports, and the smaller, but no lesser, fishing luggers and their kind. How best could I show to my fellows the lesson I learnt at sea, that I was related to them very closely by the mystic law of God and nature? God is in all nature.

One day I was doing surveying work in a suburb of Boston. A man went by driving a motor-truck. As he passed me he laughed and waved. I returned the greeting. I had never seen that man be-



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button *must* send a two-cent stamp when requesting another.

ENSENADA, PORTO RICO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I like Porto Rico. We never have snow, and it is warm weather all the year around. We always have flowers.

I go to school and I am in the third grade. I am five years old. My teacher's name is Miss Smith. She is a good teacher. I like Miss Smith. I like your little paper that you write me. I like "Uncle Si's Sermons."

I must close now, as I have some thank letters to write.

Yours truly,

ANNA L. SHANKLIN.

Anna's letter was very neatly type-written and her mother tells us that she wrote it herself. A "little bird" tells us, too, that she reads the stories in *The Beacon* for herself, though only five years old.

MENDON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school. Rev. John Mark is our minister. Our Sunday school has entered upon a vigorous campaign for securing new members. The school has been divided into two sides, known as the Reds and the Blues. I belong to the Reds and I

am working hard to help our side win. The rules are to attend the church and Sunday school, to secure new members, and more money in the offering. Mr. Mark is a Red in Uxbridge and a Blue in Mendon.

I would like to correspond with some of the other young people.

Yours truly,

SADIE SPRINGER.

1312 WHITE AVENUE,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old. My teacher's name is Mrs. Dean. Our minister's name is Dr. Scott. One Friday in every month we go to a club called "The Cheerful Letter Club." We write to people who are shut in. We go to Mrs. Tyler's to write. I go to the Unitarian church of Knoxville. I take *The Beacon* every Sunday. "The Trail of Fox-in-the-Dark" was a fine story. I would like to be a Beacon Club member.

Yours truly,

OLIVE SCHAEFFER.

Olive's sister Mary, nine years old, also joins our Club.

New members in Massachusetts are Bessie and Priscilla T. Hinckley, Barnstable; Elizabeth Kennedy, Chestnut Hill; Henrietta Riegler, Chicopee; Theodore A. Fisher, Dover; Otto Schilling, Milton; Virginia A. Foster, Peabody; Virginia Nodding and Elaine Ruggles, Reading; Anna C. Withington, Somerville; Lois Gould, Ware; Lillian Davis, West Upton.

fore. I may never see him again. But we laughed together. In work we laughed together. This is one way we can give strength to one another, the open frank smile of happiness and good-will. One other way: I met a friend after a four years' absence. We both had changed somewhat. We change even in four years. When we met we shook hands—a good, firm, honest hand-shake. We talked generalities. I don't remember what was said, but I do remember that hand-shake. It is a happy people who can show fraternity in these two ways.

Church School News.

PUPILS from the Sunday school of the First Unitarian Church in Dayton, Ohio, remain through the opening services in the church, and the minister, Rev. L. R. Plank, preaches a ten-minute sermon for them. They are permitted to leave, if they so desire, during the singing of the second hymn. This school supports an annual scholarship of \$150 in Pine Mountain Settlement School, Harlan County, Kentucky. This year the pupils, assisted by the Alliance, raised \$90 of this amount by selling flower bulbs, seeds, and Christmas cards.

The church school of the Community Church in Pepperell, Mass., has issued a circular of its members and activities. There are fifty-three children on the Cradle Roll and sixty members of a Home

Department of the church school. There are 129 active members, fifty-four members still connected with the school though living elsewhere or at present unable to attend it, eight officers and sixteen teachers, making a total of 320 in some way connected with this school. The average attendance for the year has been ninety-six, and thirty members of the school have united with the church during the past year.

The church school at Cleveland, Ohio, is divided into three departments, each holding its own service of worship. The Kindergarten and First Primary grades, thirty pupils, meet in a large class room; the Intermediate group, as this school names the middle section, pupils seven to twelve years old, worships in Channing Hall, the main Sunday-school room; pupils thirteen to nineteen, called the Junior Church, have their service of worship in the church auditorium. Members of the Senior class, young people seventeen to nineteen, conduct in turn the service of worship in the Junior Church under the supervision of the minister, Rev. Dilworth Lupton, or the Director of Religious Education, Miss Gertrude Taft. Both the Intermediate Department and the Junior church have choirs from their own number to lead the singing and to furnish special music for the services. The enrollment of this school is 165 pupils in eighteen classes; a total, with officers and teachers, of 187. There are always visitors present at the sessions of the school.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA XLV.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 7, 20, 11, is part of the body.
My 10, 17, is an article.
My 18, 8, 10, 13, 23, 3, is a country.
My 8, 24, 21, 4, is a grass.
My 14, 2, 5, 6, is an adjective.
My 22, 16, 17, 12, is not any.
My 19, 1, 15, is an abbreviation.
My *whole* is a topic of the day.

J. B. & B. A.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 5, 7, 13, 12, is often needed.
My 19, 11, 6, is a boy's nickname.
My 14, 4, 15, 15, 11, 3, is a small piece of ore containing metal.
My 18, 11, 10, 11, 14, is a number.
My 3, 13, 12, is a metal.
My 18, 13, 12, 15, 11, 5, is one who gives pleasure with the voice.
My 1, 19, 17, 5, 8, is something most people are interested in.
My 16, 2, 16, 9, 5, is what you are reading.
My *whole* is a well-known magazine.

K. M. M.

AN ACROSTIC.

Behead and curtail six five-letter words, leaving three-letter words, the middle letters of which in their order will spell the name of a favorite fruit.

1. A woven fabric of cotton, linen, or wool; a plot of land.
2. A deciduous, coniferous tree; a portion of a curved line.
3. A table to put food upon; an implement for propelling a boat.
4. Tears asunder; the last point of anything.
5. Placed in confinement; the latter part of life.
6. Water in the state of vapor; afternoon refreshment.

E. D. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XLI.—The Pyramids of Egypt.

A ZIGZAG PUZZLE.—Tree
Hunt
Wren
Moss
Fade
Cask
Yale

TWISTED CITIES.—1. Christiania. 2. Milwaukee. 3. Sacramento. 4. Dresden. 5. Santiago. 6. Washington. 7. Nineveh. 8. Palermo. 9. Tripoli. 10. Messina. 11. Philadelphia. 12. Singapore.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, Editor.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
21 E. 38th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U.S.A. Press of Geo. H. Ellis Co. (Inc.)